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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.



# Suck

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SOLID FOR ANOTHER YEAR.

JOHN KELLY.—"I hold the Combination—and what are you going to do about it?"

## PUCK.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER - A. SCHWARZMANN  
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## NOW READY:

## Puck's Annual for 1884.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

According to the statements of the gory-handed patriots who have their headquarters in New York bar-rooms and levy on the savings of the ingenuous and warm-hearted "servant-girl," to help throw off the yoke of the murderin' Saxon, there are no people so oppressed, so hopelessly down-trodden and generally sat upon as the people of Ireland. Reduced by British tyranny to a condition of utter penury, they are slowly starving to death in mud-floored cabins, their diet consisting principally of spoiled potatoes and memories of the early Kings of Ireland. The heartless evictor is ever at the door, and the landlord, with shameless impudence, will have either his rent or his property. Three grains of corn per diem are, according to the patriots, the regular allowance for a growing child, and it is understood that the corn is generally bad at that.

Now one would think that any one rescued from such squalor would be quite content to pass the rest of his or her life in grateful humility. One would think that the rescued wretch would overflow with loving content, and be happy and thankful if accorded even so much as the crusts of bread on which our native tramps are supposed to fare. This any one would suppose—any one unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Irish nature. New York tax-payers and house-keepers, however, know better. It is getting to be generally understood that nothing but the strictly vegetarian diet, sternly limited in quantity, that we have described above, will keep the Irish from reasserting their divine monarchical rights. Every Irishman is a descendant of the ancient kings

—who must, by-the-way, have been the original Mormons—and no descendant of those cheerful monarchs can get decent clothes on his back and wholesome food in his stomach without feeling a wild desire to have a Saxon of his own to tyrannize over. And as to the female descendants, the queens by right, any woman who keeps house in this city will tell you that only starvation will restrain the lady who does her washing, and the lady who does her cooking, and the up-stairs lady from grasping at the sceptre of despotism with a hard and a horny hand.

It is no wonder that the Irish who come to this country are naturally attracted toward the Democratic party. All question of principle aside—and there is nothing in the fundamental principles of the Democratic party which can affect the "Irish-American" one way or the other—all question of principle aside, there is, and always has been, in the mass of Democrats, a strong element of stubbornly wrong-headed, arrogant, aggressive people, whose one desire is to rule. Not to accomplish anything by ruling; not to benefit the people ruled, not to administer the affairs of State with wisdom and justice; but simply to rule. They are people who never ask themselves whether they are fit to govern, whether there is any earthly reason why they should govern; but govern they must, rule they must, for the mere sake of ruling—and the perquisites. There is this element in every party, of course; but in most other parties it is the rabble-element, while in the Democratic party it is the ruling element. It is the element that has furnished the party with a horde of self-chosen leaders, who are now going to work, in their grand old blundering way, to divide the forces which are to fight for the Presidency in November next. The Irish kings are in congenial society. They might even fancy themselves at home in Donnybrook.

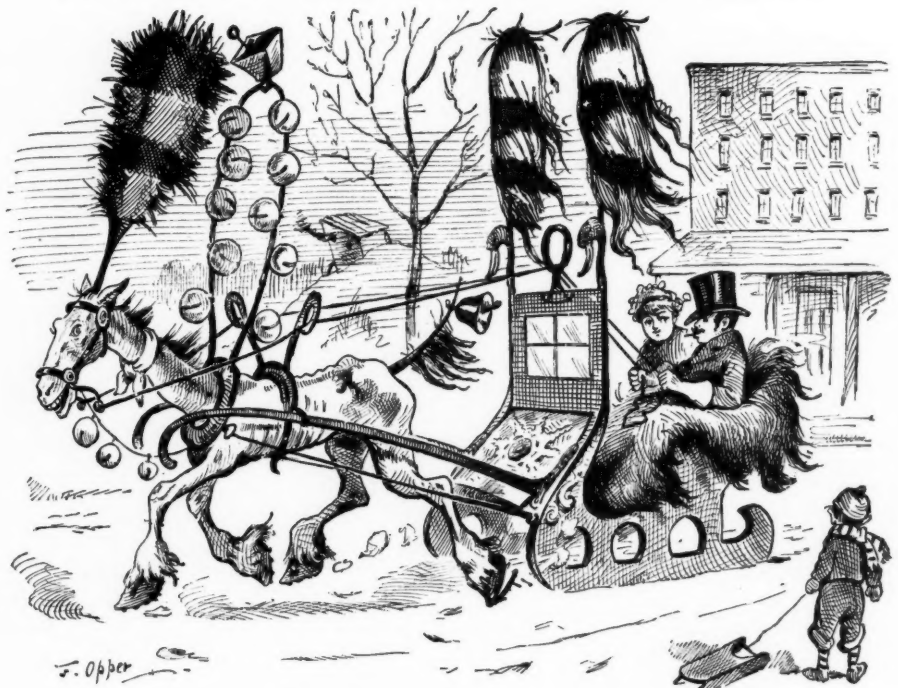
Mr. John Kelly is on deck again. If there has ever been a time when Mr. John Kelly has not been on deck, when there is anything in the shape of election in the atmosphere, we should like to know it. Occasionally he has lost his grip and has tumbled down the hatchway,

but no bones have been broken. He has walked about as if nothing had happened, and has seemed all the better for the tumble. But he has not been taking many falls of late, and we can not see, as things are at present fixed, that there will be any necessity for his looking out for pit-falls. Why should he, now that Alderman Kirk has elected himself President of the Board of Aldermen?

Tammany, who is always after the spoils and offices, and the city Republican politicians who do not object to them when they get a chance, have made a very pretty alliance. But it is an alliance all on one side—Mr. John Kelly's side, of course. Mr. Kelly has everything in his hands, and has probably reached the height of his ambition. Why should he care about being Governor, or Mayor, or Comptroller, or anything else, when he is now really in a position to control the acts of those who hold these offices? The Board of Estimate and Apportionment are subject to his mandate, and that means the expenditure of at least thirty-five million dollars a year. Thirty-five millions is not an easy sum to keep track of.

Some of it might get astray and cause trouble, although Mr. Kelly has a large army of friends who will lie awake nights for anxiety, rather than any of the money should be expended in an improper way. When President Kirk has made his appointments—and it is exceedingly likely that they will be such as to coincide with the Tammany chief's ideas—Mr. Kelly will occupy a position that a pope might envy. The Mayor, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will take orders from Mr. Kelly. So will the Finance Department and the Sinking Fund Commission. The attachment and devotion of the Board of Aldermen to the mighty and ineffable Boss is unquestioned. Thus, when November comes, Mr. Kelly will be able to indulge in his taste for "deals" in a most comfortable manner, and if the "deals" result in electing a Republican President, Mr. Kelly will feel happy so long as he holds the purse-strings of New York, and enough patronage for distribution among his followers.

## OUR SLEIGH-RIDERS—ALL FOR STYLE.

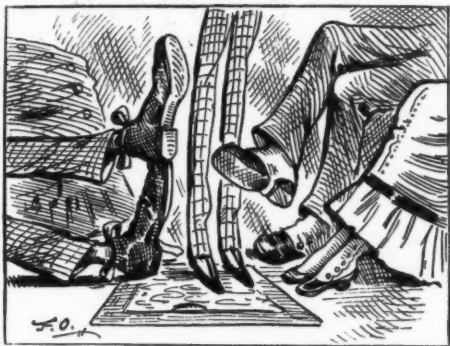


IT ISN'T THE HORSE; IT'S THE TRIMMINGS.



## REGISTER REVERIES.

No. I.

AN URBAN ANTIDOTE TO IK MARVEL AND  
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

There is a peculiar charm about a register which I do not find in any other appliance for producing heat. I am speaking, of course, of the domestic article of heat, and the heat that is used in city houses at that.

A grate full of cannel-coal is pretty, and when you call it sea-coal it is prettier yet; but it is as expensive as it is pretty, and, considering the fact that you generally get short weight, a little more expensive. And then your landlady—I board; of course I assume that you board—has a way of telling you that the coal is exhausted, when you haven't burned more than a quarter of the ton you paid for—I mean the ton you got credit for. This must not be construed as a reflection on my landlady. She is an excellent landlady, and I can not get credit at the coal-yard, so these observations have no bearing on either of us. And, indeed, I suppose if we were to investigate the matter more closely, we should find that in the majority of cases this phenomenon—this evanescence of \$18-a-ton carbon—was more or less directly attributable to the Cat. The Cat who breaks dishes and eats the sugar—why may she not have tastes in the way of coal, also?

As to a wood-fire, it is a very beautiful thing to read about, but it simply doesn't exist. There is no such thing as a wood-fire. There are wretched little green logs that give forth a pungent and acrid smoke that gets in your eyes and nose and leaves a smell of cigarettes and wet pine over everything. And then you always think you can poke it better than any one else can, and you can't; and all the other people are in the same position. I never saw a man who couldn't poke a wood-fire. And I may add, with equal truth, that I never saw a man who could.

As to steam-pipes, they are soulless, mechanical, and apt to go off with sudden bangs and rattles, which shock your nerves and set your spine ajar. That modification of the steam-heating arrangement which is concealed in a gilded cage in the centre of the room is no better. It looks like the stunted column by which the country photographers used to pose their victims. It is repulsive, and reminds you of early tortures before the camera.

But the register—ah, there you have the acme of civilization in the way of warming. A mild, dry, pervasive heat comes up from its friendly apertures, and gets everywhere, even into your lungs. Think how pleasant it is to have the inside of your lungs nicely warmed, in a cold world like this! And reflect how nice it is to feel that even in this degenerate age you are emulating the vigorous courage of the hardy Norseman. Emulating, did I say? You are simply out-rivalling him, you who sit over the register. What tough hero now wassailing in Valhalla ever dared in his life-time to pump hot gas into his lungs, bake his pores into a dry and feverish mummifiedness, and then go out into the chill air of winter and coyly dally with the pneumonia? Ah, truly, heroism, hardihood, the

spirit of adventure and the foolishness generally qualified as "damned" have not wholly gone out of the world!

For myself, I love to sit over the register of an evening, when the gas-light flickers in the front parlor. The Landlady draws up on one side, and the Landlady's Daughter on the other, and the Dude Boarder, and the Boarder whom we call Gaiters, because he wears them. They call me the Register, because the extent of foot I have on the japanned iron grating registers so exactly the amount of heat that is coming up through it.

We sit there and drop Pearls of Thought enough to fill the Sunday-school column of a country newspaper. And we listen to Patrick shoveling coal into the furnace far down below, and we think how his great, warm Irish heart is beating fast for his dear evicted relatives on the Ould Sod, and how eloquently, in his simple, sturdy, blasphemous way, he is characterizing the furnace, and how the fire of patriotism burns higher in his heart—a good deal higher than the other fire that he is feeding, mostly with cinders. And it joys us to reflect that very soon he will shovel about half-a-bushel of the landlady's anthracite into a gunnybag and take it around to his cousins in 79th Street, on the rocks near Central Park.

And as we sit and chat, and our characters blossom out, and our pores shrivel up in the genial heat, we turn over topics of the day. And one of these conversations I shall have the pleasure of recounting to you next week.

THE COUNTRY weekly with sporting and dramatic tendencies has a cut which may not be much a thing of beauty, but is a joy forever. It is an old familiar friend. We have often seen it before, and every time it bobs up serenely we feel like taking off our hat to a dear old acquaintance. At first this bright and blooming cut was printed as a picture of Mary Anderson, and on that occasion it took our fastidious and trusting soul into camp. A few weeks later the editor scraped it up a little, and gave it to the world as a life-like picture of Sarah Bernhardt. Then it came out about a month after as a patent-medicine portrait; and before the winds of March have cavorted across the Jersey flats, the carpenter will cut the mouth out of it, and insert a piece of putty in it, and use it for a portrait of Matthew Arnold, and then preserve it until next year, to use as a portrait of the Presidential candidates as soon as they are nominated.

## LEFT OUT OF THE MOVEMENT.



INDIGNANT GERMAN CITIZEN.—"Uf dot paper don't come down to two cents pretty quick, I gif it up, and take an English paper. Donnerwetter! I don't get no murders, nor no horriple grimes, nor noding, by dot tamn tree-cent paper!"

## Puckerings.

AT THE recent police-captains' dinner the *pièce de résistance* was the club.

THE WHITE STAR steamers have been breaking their shafts recently. The *Germanic* and *Celtic* should carry their di Cesnolas with them.

STATE SENATOR TITUS says that most legislative investigations are shams. Titus's head is level. Like his ancient Roman namesake, he doesn't want to fritter away a day.

THE "CRIMSON WAMSUTTA" is fluttering in the breeze again in the Senate. It will soon be about time to send it to the wash, unless the South hurries up with a few new outrages.

A COLORED MAN who was removed from a subordinate position in the Senate last week said he was a servant in the family of President Madison. This we think an unwarrantable interference with the rights of George Washington's body-servants.

THE PAPERS say that there is a man on Long Island whose right arm has a way of dislocating itself at night while he is asleep, so that he has to tie it down to his side. The only way we can account for this mystery is that the Long Islander crooks his elbow so much during the day that it gets used to it and crooks itself at night.

THE FRESH young man at a party, the other night, was very much struck with the charms of a certain young lady, and observed to the hostess that he would like to "see her home." And the hostess told him there was not the slightest difficulty in seeing her home, which was located on the corner of Hankinson and Logan Streets, and that he ought to go around and stand on the sidewalk for a while and take a look at it.

A YOUNG MAN recently thought he would create some merriment in church; so he dropped a handful of pennies in the plate. But the plate had a velvet lining, and when the coppers fell in it and made no more noise than a dollar-note would have made, and that young man figured up what he could have purchased with the money, he was about the maddest man in that church. He looked dazed, as though suddenly recovering consciousness and not knowing where he was.

TOO MUCH sunshine would spoil life, because if we were always bathed in sunshine and never knew rain, life would be no better than a desert. We would have no weather-prophets; we would have no umbrellas to softly elude our grasp and drift silently from us. Manufacturers of fancy hosiery would all fail, because of the lack of mud to keep business brisk and lively. We require a little shadow occasionally. We want sadness to wake us up to the serious responsibilities of life—and that is the reason we go to the minstrels occasionally.

NO VIOLET BLOOMS in the wintry vale,  
No blossoms are on the lea;  
No cresses bunch in the meadow rill,  
No robin sings in the tree;  
No wind-flower wakes in the woodland glade,  
The arbutus sleeps in the earth;  
No tender breeze has awakened yet  
The world to its spring-time birth;  
But the base-ball player is rousing up  
From 'Frisco unto the Hub,  
And shinning around for a higher "sal"—  
And he signs with another club.

## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.



And in these days the young man taketh counsel with himself, and saith: "Lo, now, have I not twenty-seven trade shekels of mine own, and am I not a comely and a pleasant youth, yea, and one that masheth the maidens? And shall I not go unto the masquerade ball, and shall I not rejoice, yea, even with music and much dancing, and make merry with my friends, and have the boss good time?"

And there being no man to say him nay, he answereth unto himself after his own will, and he goeth forth and buyeth himself a ticket, and in so doing droppeth ten trade shekels.

And when the night of the ball is come, he anointeth his hair with the extract of the bear; yea, even of that bear which is obese; and he donneth the raiment of the ungodly, and the white cravat of them that sin, and he goeth forth unto the ball.

And yea verily, I say unto you, that young man standeth on a line seventeen furlongs in length, and one man in breadth, and finally he payeth one trade shekel for a hat-check, and a quarter of a trade shekel to check his umbrella, and he saileth proudly into the ball-room, and lo and behold, his tie is under his left ear, and he hath the appearance of one that is premature in his revelry.

But he is concerned about none of these things, and he sayeth unto himself: "Lo, now, I have come here for to have the boss good time, and if so be it be concealed about this establishment, shall I not have it? Yea, and with trimmings, also."

And he goeth about for to find the boss good time.

But he seeketh it in the wine-room, and on the dancing-floor, and in the lobbies; earnestly and faithfully doth he seek it, and the night waxeth and waneth, and the morning is come, and he is still seeking for it.

And at this point I do beg and humbly supplicate the printer-man and him who setteth up this chronicle, that he shall here jab in stars, yea, even three stars, being one for each hour from the twelfth hour of the night even unto the third hour of the morning.

\* \* \*

And about the third hour of the morning, that young man shall still be seeking that good time.

And he hath had his hat, even his crush-hat, kicked off his head by a maiden of the best society, but one who knoweth not the trammels of the Philistine, and whose raiment is red and striped as to her hose.

And he has had seven free fights and drinks unto seventy times seven, and he knoweth not his best friend from a bunco-steerer, and the tie that was aforetime under his left ear is now over his left ear, and he hath left one coat-tail in the hands of a stranger and a pilgrim in the wine-room, and he hath invited a policeman to dance the can-can.

And he is still seeking for that good time, and unto the policeman that taketh him home he confideth the fact that he hath not found

it, and he prayeth to be let alone that he may seek it further.

And here I beseech the printer-man that he jab in more stars.

\* \* \*

And, yea verily, I say unto you, on the morrow shall that young man bear a head on him like unto the head of the army; but for all the size thereof shall he not be able to tell what became of the good time that he sought, and would not be comforted because he found it not. Selah!

## A HINT

TO ONE WHO DOESN'T SEE THE ADVANTAGES OF COLLABORATION IN CONSOLATION.

Calypso, you can *not* console

Yourself for base Ulysses gone,

Onward the rolling waters roll,

The watery waters still roll on.

But on no breeze the sound of oars

Comes back to tell of him who fled

When night had wrapped your island shores

And love was dead.

The sea lies still as fair and sleek

As though his false and fleeing prow

Had never cleft a silver streak—

How *could* he do it, anyhow?



The west wind blows, the east wind blows,  
The south wind warm, the east wind cold,  
And still the pain of absence grows,  
All unconsolated.

Calypso, if you *can't* console

Yourself for him who scorned your charms,

Who was too blind to see the whole

Sweet life of love was in your arms—

Why—if you can't, another might,

I'd really like to help you try,

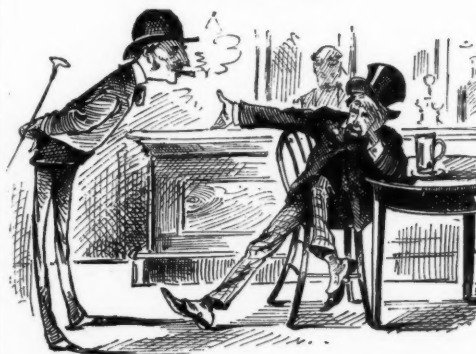
The task of solace shared is light—

And here am I.

BASIL LEWES.

It is all well enough to advise a man to keep his hands out of his pockets; but how in the world is a man going to do it if he has a wife who wants a new bonnet and a silk dress every week, to say nothing of caramels, ice-cream, and a box at the opera?

## AN OVERSIGHT.



"What's the matter, old man?—drinking in this desperate way in the middle of the day?"

"Wha's matter? 'Nough's matter. Look er me—I'm nobody—never did anything—nobody ever heard er me—ain't *anybody*—'n' yet there ain't a paper nominated me for Preshdensch'l candidate—b' Jove—don't un'stand it!"

## NEW YORK CITY POLITICS.

Mr. Roosevelt's bill in the Assembly, giving the Mayor the sole appointing power of heads of departments, has been reported favorably by the Committee on Cities, and consequently does not meet with the approval of the professional politicians, especially the dear, delightful, refined creatures called Aldermen, who for so many years have helped to give New York such an admirable and honest Government.

The average Alderman clings to his privilege of rejecting or accepting a nomination by the Mayor with the fondest kind of a cling.

Take this prerogative from him and his wings will be effectually clipped. There will be little else left for him to do but to hear himself talk and to curry favor with the heads of the departments, in whose appointment he has no more voice than an Alaska Indian. No more can he insure contracts for his bosom friends; no more will he be able to embarrass the actions of the Mayor, when by any chance we happen to get hold of a good one.

The people elect the Mayor, and it is but right that he alone should be responsible to the people. If he has absolute power of appointment, he must have absolute power of removal. If his appointments and removals are inspired by jobbery or corruption, it will not be a very difficult matter to have such a Mayor impeached, and we don't think that it would be necessary to adopt any such proceedings more than once or twice in a hundred years.

In a city like New York, where there are so many knavish politicians who control the majority of voters, a purely republican Government is entirely out of place. It may do in the National and State Governments; but in New York all respectable people are willing to submit to the mild form of despotism that such a change in the rule for appointing heads of departments would cause.

Let anything be welcomed that will get rid of or contract the powers of the Aldermanic incubus. Register John Reilly does not think that the members of the Legislature could vote for such a measure and then face their constituents. "This bill will kill the Board of Aldermen," he is reported by the *Herald* as having said. If it has that effect, we hope sincerely that it may pass; but we fear it is too good a measure ever to become law. It would not suit the political methods and policy of Mr. John Kelly.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C.s—*The Home Journal*—*The Butcher's Book*.



## DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.



The Wife Fools the Husband.



The Husband Fools the Wife.



The Girls Fool the Mother.



The Boys Fool the Father.



United, they Fool the Neighborhood.



While Bridget Manages to Fool the Whole Family.

## HOW TO RETALIATE.

The men who devote their time to "cornering" grain, and making pork and bacon dance breakdowns in prices, are just now very much exercised. Some time ago France and Germany began to turn up their noses at our pork. Doubts were thrown upon its quality and its wholesomeness, and some alarmists stated that if reckless importations were permitted, the whole of the fighting population would climb the golden stair with trichinæ in their systems, and that the great rival nations would no longer be able to knock each other out, by Marquis of Queensberry rules or otherwise.

At first it was thought that the excitement would blow over, and that the restrictions on our hog-products would soon be removed; but not only are there no signs of removal, but, as time passes—a way, as Artemus Ward observed, that it has—the barriers to keep the American hog out of Europe have apparently been strengthened. And now our shippers are beginning to think that it is time to do something in the way of retaliation.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has the matter in hand, and is turning over in its mind the best way of punishing France and Germany for their unexampled wickedness. As impartial journalists, we fail to see what justification these effete tyrannical nations can possibly offer for interference with the legitimate trade of the United States.

Let us see what a very one-sided business it is. Of course it would be very different if we ever levied any prohibitory duties on the manufactures or products of these unreasonable nations. Everybody knows that we do nothing of the sort; that all descriptions of merchandise may be landed in the United States free. And what is our return for this generosity?

Ungrateful France and inconsiderate Germany throw obstacles in the way of our pork.

Retaliate? Certainly we must retaliate; but how?

We have a few suggestions to offer, which, if adopted, we feel quite sure will bring the delinquent countries to their senses.

In old times there was an institution called a Custom-House. It has, we believe, never been introduced into the United States. Let us introduce it. For its successful working it requires a number of collectors and other officers at high salaries. Let us have them—especially the salaries. Then let us make everything and everybody pay toll. Let us, in the first place, refuse to allow a Chinaman to set foot on the soil. Let us levy duties right and left. It must be heavy on French champagne. It is no longer right that the poor laboring man should go into Delmonico's and be able to get a glass of it for five cents. There should be duties on claret, on silks, on cloth, on iron manufactures of all kinds, on raw material. Nothing must be allowed to enter free, as at present. And we might go further still by refusing to admit any description of foreign goods at any price.

Our glorious example of free trade not having been followed, it is time for us to change our tactics.

Shame on you, France and Germany! Shut out our pork, indeed! when we receive all your products without a murmur and without duty. The ingratitude of some nations is beyond all bounds.

"GIVE US, oh, give us but yesterday!" is a very pretty saying, no doubt; but it never becomes rooted very firmly in a school-boy's soul while he is skating on Saturday, and thinking of the awful whaling he got the day before for putting a bull-frog in the teacher's desk.

## THE VISIT TO "PHILISTIA."

Sir Lepel Griffin, K. C. S. I.,  
Of liberal alphabet-supply,  
Has lifted his taper to light the sky.  
But who is Griffin, who lugs about  
A name that would tire a donkey out  
To carry, with ears he loves to flout?  
He came, it seems, the ocean o'er,  
And, since he turned so sad and sore,  
He thinks Columbus an awful bore.  
'Tis the land of "Philistia," 'tis very plain,  
And its largeness tortures his not large brain;  
So he took the steamer and wouldn't remain.  
He rails at Christopher, for he  
Did n't let the noble Indians be,  
Who were better than all there is here to see.  
For we worship Mammon, he says, and Size,  
And all that is lovely we much despise,  
With a dozen other agonies.  
Our Government's bad, and our scenery, too,  
And if anything's good here it isn't new,  
But on Britannia's soil it grew.  
Our Republic's failure is quite complete,  
With British fixtures we can't compete,  
And our women are only rarely sweet.  
He would go from the South to Caucasus  
To shun a land so ridiculous—  
Which is bad for others, but good for us.  
But when Lord Coleridge—one might see why—  
Said nothing of Griffin, K. C. S. I.,  
But praised another—Oh, my! oh, my!  
He thought this dictum of his best judge  
A piece of quite extravagant fudge—  
Stick to it, Griffin—an ass doesn't budge!  
But you've given us such a hearty laugh,  
By trying to pound us into chaff,  
That we half forgive you—fully half.  
We like your utter lack of bile,  
Your level strength, your even style,  
And that perfectly helpless auricular smile.  
We like your modest East Indian ways;  
One thing only alarms, dismays—  
The thought that something had won your praise.  
JOEL BENTON.

## POLITICS IN ASHTOWN.

"Good-mornin', Misther McCue."

"So 'tis, bedad, barrin' the rain, Misther Crinmin."

"Aisy wid ye, sorr; yez are alwaiz afther havin' yer foon, Misther McCue. An' now that yez are an Aldherman, sorr, Oi presume yez wud be above dhrinkin' wan whuskey sthrait wid an ould frind?"

"Patsy, me bye, Oi am niver above dhrinkin' whuskey wid me conshtitooants. Oi'm wid yez."

This conversation occurred one cold morning recently, when the Hon. Barney McCue, the Alderman representing the Goatville and Ashtown districts, was about to start for the day's work at the City Hall.

Alderman McCue was the combination candidate of the St. Patrick Club and the Holy Order of Bridgets. Tammany Hall had been losing its power by degrees on account of a too strict policy on the part of its managers, and had been superseded by the clubs aforementioned, who, by uniting upon McCue as their candidate for Aldermanic honors, had driven Bragin, the Tammany candidate, from the field. The only issue between the two was the tariff.

Bragin, who resided in Ashtown, which occupies the blocks bounded by Riverside Avenue and the Boulevard, between Garbage Cliff and the Insane Asylum, desired to compel the local authorities to fix a duty upon every head of Goatville live-stock that entered Ashtown for the purpose of feasting upon the tomato-cans and circus "ads." which, by years of constant accumulation, had become the pride of his constituents. This would have been a very expensive matter, for Goatville was situated right across the Boulevard from Ashtown, and it would have cost a large amount to establish custom-posts along the coast-line, to say nothing of the immense power which the newly organized Civil Service would give to the successful party.

McCue opposed this measure. Being a resident of Ashtown, and knowing that the herds of his constituents gained their subsistence from the Goatville pastures, he saw that it would seriously affect the wealth of his native, or rather naturalized land. He threatened retaliation, and stated that if the Goatvillains put a duty on Ashtown live-stock, Ashtown would fix a heavy tariff on the products of the only sample-room within ten blocks, which belonged to McCue himself, and was situated in Ashtown. Upon this issue Bragin was defeated, and McCue was sent to the City Hall to legislate for the people.

Crinmin was a man of no ordinary level-headedness, and had worked very hard in the last election for both parties, so that, whichever side won, he was solid with the powers, and secured a good berth for his labors—to read novels in one of the reservoir houses in Central Park. This was comparatively light work, he having been previously employed in pounding paving-stones at the Government Offices at Sing Sing, on the Hudson.

As the Alderman and his henchman entered the saloon, Crinmin asked:

"Well, Misther McCue—the loikes av me callin' yez *Misther*, whin it waz Patsy an' Barney whin we come over on the *Brutunnic* foive years ago—how does the coomplishun av the perlutic situation commind itself to yez?"

"Arrah, Patsy, Oi, far wan, ain't satuswhied. Luk at thim fellys doon thayr in the Bard. Phwat are thay, Oi ask yez? Nothin' but carpet-baggyers; an' whin a sutizun loike meself goes doon thayr wid a clane recard—savin' six months on the Oisland far beatin' Missus McCue number wan, peace to her sowl—an' whin Oi roon far Prisidint, phwat happens? The blagyards git oop a did-lock."

"A phwat-lock?"

"No! A did-lock. Wan av thim things that cooms oop whin, as the ould sayin' goes, 'thayr 's six av the wan, an' half-a-dozen av the other.' Whin thayr 's wan av thim things, thayr ain't no thimpery organization, no foiancial discooshun, no elemintery confusion, an', phwat's wurrus, no Prisidincy far wan who has sarved his counthry from the toime he honored it wid his prisince to the toime he scooped the ballots av the Ashtown-Goatville disthricht. But, Patsy—an' thayr 's alwayiz a 'but'—Oi know phwat Oi'll do. Ye know O'Brien—Jimmy O'Brien? Oi'm a frind av his, an', phwat's moor, he's a frind av moine. I'll bring him doon thayr, an' see phwat he can do wid that did-lock. Moi experiance taches me that it's a dum poor Jimmy phwat can't bust a lock. Well, here's to yez. An' now gud-day!"

And as McCue left the bar, Crinmin remarked to the tender:

"Be the powers, he's smarrut! Phwat larnin' he has, bedad! Yez can't shtick him an ony soobjict, fram the turruff for revingyou to the prinsupuls av demoralization."

J. K. BANGS.

## PUCK'S PLAN.

AN EXCHANGE is telling the public "How to Make Home Happy"; but it doesn't prescribe, in our opinion, the proper plan. The right way to make home happy is to cover the floor with Turkish rugs, and the walls with expensive oil-paintings, and have the cellar judiciously filled with choice wines of various kinds. Then it is necessary, if you want to do the thing up right, to have three or four horses and a village-cart, and a phaeton, and several colored servants to bear up the cards of callers on a silver salver. An upright piano should stand in one corner of the room, with a guitar slung carelessly across it, as though accidentally dropped there by an angel. Then there should be some handsome easy-chairs into which you can sink a couple of yards and go to sleep. The way to make home happy is to make it so that you fancy yourself a lotos-eater while you are there.

SUNG BY the inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum: "We Never Speak As We Pass By."

## WINTER-RESORTS.

As the bleak month of February approaches, the winds become more bitter as they howl around the corners, and the man who has been sufficiently long-headed and judicious to harvest his shekels looks about him for a balmy spot to rusticate in until after March has gone.

So he provides himself with a hand-book of winter-resorts, and commences to read up on the various places. No matter where the resort is located, that resort is notorious for its balsamic odors that float from the pines on the distant hills. There is more balsamic odor scattered over the South than there is the reverse in Hunter's Point.

And then the temperature is always about the same, which is seventy or thereabout. Each place has the best hotel in the land, which is run regardless of expense by the most experienced hotel-man in the country.

The drives are all fine, the roads being macadamized, and horses and carriages cheaper than shoe-leather. Besides this, every place has a lake which teems with fish, and tries to rival the aforesaid balsamic forests, which abound in deer and other kinds of game calculated to fill the heart of the average sportsman with delight.

Having selected one of these places, the tourist goes down to enjoy the balsamic odors. When he gets there he finds a hotel that imports its oranges and everything else from New York, except its fever-and-ague. You can get just as good fever-and-ague down there as you can on Long Island or out in New Jersey.

You find the air very dry—so dry and dusty that it makes you thirsty. The well-known boarding-house spring-chicken greets you at the table, and you think seriously of going out to hunt game, in order to get something to eat. After you have eaten hog and hominy for a week or two, and begin to break down and lose flesh, you settle your hotel-bill, and sigh to settle the hotel proprietor, too—with a club. And after you have got back North, you go and rusticate at the Battery, to build yourself up, and while you are building yourself up at that classic inclosure, you vow that next February, if you rusticate at all, you will do it at Hoboken or East New York, where, if there are no balsamic odors, there is plenty to eat.

## OBEYING ORDERS.



COLONEL.—"What in thunder have you been doing?"

COLORADO PARTY.—"Why, didn't you tell me to turn him around while you were in there?"



## OUR FRANKENSTEIN.



UNCLE SAM RAISES A SPIRIT WHICH IS GETTING BEYOND HIS CONTROL.

## ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

Washington, January 24th, 1884.

There was great rejoicing in the Senate to-day. Senator Butler began turning hand-springs and had not left off at midnight, because each Senator is to have a clerk at \$6 a day, his own private secretary, with no one to interfere with him. In the afternoon SENATOR BUTLER introduced a resolution giving every Senator a private coachman at \$4 a day, a coupé at \$10 a day, a boot-black at \$2 a day, a laundress at \$5 a day, a furnished house at \$5,000 a year, a cook at \$25 a day, a steam-yacht at \$15,000 a year, a classical tutor at \$5 a week, a professional tramp at \$1 a day, a physician at \$100 a day, a nurse at \$2.50 a day, and a whisk-brush boy at 75c a day. There is no doubt about the resolution's being adopted, although some Senators do not think it goes far enough, and propose to amend it by having \$50,000 a year thrown in for each member as spending money and for contingent expenses.

The next business of importance on the programme was a bill providing a Civil Government for Alaska. Several Senators have objected to liquor being drunk in Alaska.

SENATOR PLUMB said he had traveled through every part of Alaska by railroad, and had visited all the cities of under two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. He was convinced that Alaska could never flourish so long as the inhabitants indulged in liquor. The millions of elegant citizens who now meandered over its fertile pastures, its hanging gardens, and the noble avenues and imperial streets of its cities were much too fond of cocktails and champagne. The appetites of these people must be curbed, and the Alaskan Senate and House of Representatives could not be trusted to do it; that is why the National Government sought to interfere. Let the Senators not fear. Alaska would never secede from the Union; the Governor of the State had so assured him by telephone.

SENATOR FRYE thought that the country was safe, and that Alaska, in the event of her showing fight, could be

brought to terms without any trouble. It was quite true that whiskey had been imported to Alaska from the Pacific coast in bottles labeled "Florida Water," "Bay Rum." This was wicked. It was wrong. It was very naughty.

SENATOR VEST believed in whiskey and believed in Alaska. When the thermometer was fifty degrees below zero, whiskey and, for that matter, even brandy was comforting. Indeed, there was a great deal of satisfaction to be extracted from it, even when it wasn't fifty degrees below or anything like it.

After some talk relating to the pay of the Marshal of Alaska, to provide against the contingency of his paying anybody twice over, the pow-wow was adjourned until the following day.

## Answers for the Anxious.

PUCK NE'ER RETURNS rejected articles;  
But grinds them to a thousand particles.

LOOCRAFT.—All right.

W. M. L.—Thanks. Please repeat.

REMINGTON.—Nice poem, nice poem, dear boy. We told Tom Moore so when he wrote it.

ROSA MAY.—Sweet, sweet; but too summery. We really shouldn't dare to expose those delicate verses to the cold breath of winter. It would chill the poetry in them; and, dear girl, that poetry is of a fragile nature that can't stand much chilling. Keep them until next summer, and then give them to the *Girlie-Girlies' Gazette*.

ALEXANDER.—It is a very pretty and original idea of yours that you can make an octosyllabic line spread out to a hexameter verse by writing it out large; but it can't be done. It is one of those beautiful things that would be supremely lovely if they were only so. We have seen lines that were short a foot or so; but some of yours have dropped a whole leg, and can't keep up with the procession.

REJECTED ARTICLES go into the waste-basket;  
PUCK won't return them, so you needn't ask it.

## THE BALLAD OF MUSTAPHA KHAN.

Mustapha Khan  
Was a war-like man—  
At the sound of his name the people ran.

In meadow and vale  
The people turned pale  
When Mustapha Khan was on the trail.

For well they knew  
That his bandit crew  
Was burning and robbing the country through.

And never a man,  
Since his raid began,  
Was able to conquer Mustapha Khan.

Like a storm he swept,  
And women wept,  
And pillaged cities in ashes slept.

But at last, one day,  
He came the way  
Of a prophetess, withered and old and gray.

And her song began:  
"Mustapha Khan,  
Go not in the Province of Maharan—

For there it is known  
To me alone  
That you will be conquered and overthrown."

But the Khan laughed loud  
To his terrible crowd:  
"The head of your chieftain shall never be bowed."

And Mustapha Khan  
Still led the clan,  
And rode to the Province of Maharan.

With a mighty burst  
Of speed, at first,  
They rode—but they yielded at last to thirst.

For the sun was high  
In a pitiless sky,  
And the way was dusty and long and dry.

Till a turning showed  
Beside the road  
A spring that near to a cottage flowed.

And Mustapha Khan,  
That war-like man,  
Cried: "I'll drink to my entry in Maharan!"

And a maiden fair  
From the cottage there  
Came out a vessel of water to bear.

'Tis strange, but yet  
On the legend 'tis set  
That the great Khan blushed as their glances met.

And Mustapha Khan,  
That war-like man,  
By a maid was conquered in Maharan.

ROBERT INGERSOLL became an atheist in an ungodded moment.

SETH GREEN says that fish may be made the most obedient of pets. We shall agree with Seth, when we see a brindled perch sit up with a paper cap on, and a bass jump through a hoop, and a codfish-ball fire off a pistol.

We have just received a highly-colored volume of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, entitled "PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884." We do not for the lives of us understand why such a book should be published and launched broadcast over the country, from Maine to California, unless it is to upset the nation with wild and unadulterated laughter. This is a book that will succeed in upsetting the nation with laughter, if we may judge by the contents, which embrace dainty poems, side-splitting sketches, and illustrations that would make the old masters turn as green as a plate of pickles with envy. We have looked over the contents, and take great pleasure in saying that PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1884 is a book that may be safely placed in the hands of the young and innocent, and that there is not a single line in the volume that would make a book-agent blush. How such an epicurean meal can be set for the virtuous sum of twenty-five cents is more than we can say; but such is the fact. Everybody is sighing for it, crying for it, and dying for it. As we said before, of all news-dealers; twenty-five cents.





UCK.



ANY LEADERS.



## PIANO-PLAYING.

There seems to be a difference of opinion about pianos. I know a poet who thinks he gets his inspirations from the tones of a grand square, and I also know an editor who is unable to write a puff for the grocery-man next door, if he hears a certain young lady in the apartments across the street strike the premonitory chords of a waltz.

Some men just adore the cadence of the diamond-ringed fingers of the fair sex upon the ivory keys, while others, in the language of the immortal paragraphist, "curse and howl and swear."

It seems to be altogether a matter of individual taste. One can not tell beforehand how this magic instrument is going to affect the listener.

Some one suggests that it can be determined by knowing in advance whether the person is a musician or not. The writer begs leave to doubt. The best musician he ever knew made up the most awful faces, and squirmed the most atrociously of all, in a little circle of music lovers invited by a certain rich papa to come and hear his boarding-school daughter play. I was charmed, of course; but then the girl had a remarkably pretty profile, and was worth, prospectively, a few millions. It became me to be charmed.

I really do not think that the effect of piano-playing can be determined, definitely, until the subject has been experimented upon. I once was told of a most ferociously brave Indian, who had captured an innumerable number of scalps, and was well known to all the hair-dealers west of Chicago—I heard that he one day crept into a Montana settler's cabin, while the folks were all away except the daughter of the house, with the laudable intention of increasing his stock-in-trade by inducing the said young lady to part with her luxuriant tresses. He discovered her seated at what he supposed to be a new-fangled kind of a meat-chopper, and stealing softly up behind her, was just reaching out his sanguinary fist to grasp her long scalp-lock, when, with all the energy of a Western girl, she brought down her floury fingers upon the first chord of "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

This was too much for the unsuspecting red man. With a wild yell of terror, he dropped his butcher-knife and sprang through the window, carrying sash and all with him. The belle of the prairies jumped up just in time to see Ochewochee (which, being translated, signifies "Fundamental Barber") disappearing over the crest of a neighboring swell, with the sash dangling down his back and slapping his legs at every spring.

It will be readily admitted that the young lady could not have foreseen this enthusiastic reception of her musical effort; neither could she with certainty have counted upon an opposite effect. There are Indians, no doubt, who would have just sunk into a chair and permitted their ravished souls to melt in tears of rapture and exquisite sympathy.

On the other hand, we may safely assume that had the male relatives of the young lady been compelled to listen to the same palpitating strains, they would indignantly have called for the frying-pan and assuaged their souls with the more seductive andante of the frying pork.

It will be seen, therefore, that piano-playing is one of the things which the sage Josh Billings would call "onsartin." There are those whose souls yearn for it, as the soul of the youthful artist yearns for a paint-pot and a square yard of board-fence. There are those who can sit by the hour listening to the strains—beg pardon, the endeavors of a young lady in a pink satin waist and a pearl necklace, as she hammers away at the divine harmonies of a Mendelssohn or a Beethoven. But there are others who would rather not. Tastes certainly do differ. It is with music as it is with onions—some like 'em and some don't.

Occasionally there will rise upon the horizon of art a being whose very presence breathes the soul of light and beauty—a divine, unapproachable, foreordained genius. And when such a one expends the energies of youth and the devotion of maturity upon the mysteries of the many-keyed instrument, practising early and late, and inflicting untold agonies upon innumerable brain-workers, at last—at last, mind you—when the wrinkles of toil and care begin to seam the fresh young brow, and the days of youth are floating out into the shadowy past like a sunset cloud embayed in gathering dusk—then it will be said of that one, by those who have true artist souls, that he or she knows how to play the piano.

But as for the much-enduring editor, and the money-making citizen, and the man of prosaic tendencies in general—will he be able to detect the difference? Not much! All piano-playing is alike to him, a vexation of soul, and a vain reaching after the unattainable.

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE MAN who smokes a pipe is forever ridiculing the man who smokes cigarettes. But he would probably refrain from this method of making his brother smoker unhappy if he would pause long enough to reflect on the fact that the tobacco he is smoking in his pipe is made of cigarette-stumps.



A rub-a-dub-dub,  
Three men in a tub;  
Onto the tariff they blunder  
Into a squabble—no wonder  
The old tub begins to go quietly asunder!

## HORACE.

OD. I.—8.

Pray tell me, Queen of Opera-Bouffe,  
What charm thou hast, to hold aloof  
Our gilded youth from manly sport,  
And bind him captive to thy court?  
Why does he now no longer drive  
The Harlem mile in 'twenty-five?  
Why is his gray-clad form no more  
Seen in the gallant Seventh corps?  
Why does his polo-pony chase  
The ball no more at lightning pace?  
Why is the shell now laid aside,  
In which he skimmed o'er Harlem's tide?  
The "willow" he no longer wields,  
His "bats" are now in other fields.  
His "Wright & Ditson" untouched lies,  
To other "rackets" now he flies.  
The Creedmoor ranges no more hear  
The ping of well-aimed leaden sphere.  
Why does he, when the play is o'er,  
Still linger at the charmed door,  
Where mighty dudes and mashers rally  
To watch the exit of the ballet?  
Why? Oh, why?

## SEVENTY-SEVEN BUCKETS FULL OF GORE;

OR,

## THE DEADLY TRAPPER OF THE HARLEM.

By FOXART G. LYNX.

Author of: "The Irish Scout"; "Aunt Maria's Terrible Adventure"; "Red-Handed Tim"; "The Knock-Kneed Detective"; "Old Slogan, the Indian Slayer"; etc., etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

## A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Murder! Murder!! Murder!!!

[The continuation of this thrilling romance will be found only in the July number of *The Boys' Own Fiend-Killer*, which may be secured at any respectable news-stand.]

WE DON'T see why that pair of Brazilian duellists should have been interfered with in their efforts to come together for the purpose—as our Western cousins would say—of letting the daylight through each other. But perhaps the Judge may have been right, after all. He knew they would never kill or hurt each other; but he was pretty sure that they would hurt some one else, because they were not going to fight with high iron fences behind them. If that had been their intention, no one would have been hurt, and the iron-clad fences would not have been injured. But suppose they had gone out in an open field in Hoboken to shoot at each other, what would have been the result? Why, one would have killed a book-agent in Richmond, and the other would have taken both ears off a United States Senator in Montpelier. But, anyhow, suppose they had killed each other. The question is, what loss would it be to the community? Brazilians are cheap and plenty. The Judge, no doubt, thought they were sufficiently punished when he saw them embrace each other and make up in a warm and affectionate kiss.

THE NORRISTOWN *Herald* prints a column of patent-medicine advertisements, and very considerably puts at the bottom the announcement of the local undertaker.



## THE GIRL THAT I MEET IN THE CARS.

### A BOB-TAIL SKETCH.



We met—  
You bet—  
And yet  
Somehow or other I can not forget.  
—R. Browning.

#### I.

HERE is a charm I can describe  
About a girl I do not know—  
It's her golden hair,  
And her lofty air,  
And her teeth as white as snow.

#### II.

She boards every day the bob-tail  
car,  
In which I ride 'cross-town,  
With a proud, proud air  
She hands up her fare,  
And haughtily sits she down.

#### III.

She never will let me pass the cash,  
And sternly she looks me o'er,  
And I know by her gaze,  
And her proud, proud ways,  
She's a clerk in a candy-store.  
A. H. OAKES.

## MAJOR MAGRUDER'S LEG.

felt as if I had begun the day wrong.

In the first place the office-boy was out of chewing-tobacco, and I had only the dread alternative of going without or buying a paper myself (which is something I haven't done in years, and don't feel like beginning now).

Then the Religious Editor had hidden his "headache-cure" where I couldn't find it, and the stately office-goat had devoured one of my leading articles for breakfast, a performance which was attended by a general loosening of all his back teeth by the toughness of some of the statements in it, and gave him more indigestion than if he had followed his ordinary diet of tomato-cans and "pied" type.

I felt very much like going into the killing business after this happened; but restrained myself under the influence of a pool-cigar, and sat down to write up a dinner (to which I had not been invited) with a very tempting bill-of-fare before me.

The work commended itself to me from the start. (I had only had a very light breakfast—some gristly hash and a terrible steak that must have come from a war-horse or the Cesnola collection, and would have made a very good hinge for a trunk, about as fat as a pine-knot—so I was hungry.) I got so mixed up in the debris of ragouts and rotis and salmis that I don't suppose I could have told a plate of beans from shirt-buttons. I reveled in a feast of imagination, and was going to make a hog of myself by general devastation. I rolled every word over my tongue several times with all the ecstasy of a gourmand.

I had just gotten to the second course in my Barmecidal feast, and was drinking any number of bottles of yellow seal, when Major Magruder had to come stumping up, followed by Israel, the office-goat, who was deftly chewing the south end of his coat-tails in silent bliss.

He drifted into my easiest chair, together with a shower of water from his umbrella, which until then he had forgotten to close.

"Don't disturb yourself," he said calmly, expectorating in a way that came near putting Gus, the office-dog's eye out, at the same time lifting his game-foot on the desk beside me, where I was lost in its shadow: "Don't disturb yourself," he added, as I didn't answer: "I see you are busy, so I'll just wait until you are through," and helped himself to my last cigar, and sat down like a man who had come to stay.

I turned to my writing, and endeavored to get my mental appetite whetted again by that enticing bill-of-fare. But it was of no use, I knew too well that the Major's gooseberry eyes were upon me and would rest there until I consented to listen to him. So I put on my best smile, (such as I use only when lady-contributors drop in with their cream-laid-note-paper-bound-with-a-blue-ribbon slush,) and with hatred in my heart and unrefined words on my lips I swung around in my chair and faced him. Wanting to stun him at once by my originality, I said with a flash of inspiration:

"What's the good word?"

"Oh, nothin', only it's rainin' like the —," he said briefly, missing the spittoon, but not my new silk hat that lay near by, (I forgot to say

the Major is frequently pyrotechnical in his language): "I knew you'd be kind o' lonesome to-day, so I thought I'd stop in and amuse you a bit."

I thanked him warmly, and then removed his umbrella, the water from which had been draining into my office-slippers, (Maria's Christmas gift,) at the same time consigning him to eternal punishment in the choicest Coptic.

"Major," I said, briefly: "it is my object in life to be amused. Time is nothing to me—I could not sleep comfortably on my couch to-night unless I had heard you get off that story. Don't let me hurry you while you are telling it; I am hired to sit here and listen to your stories, while Israel runs the show. Make yourself at home, Major, as if you were an opulent plumber."

"— my soul, if I don't!" said Major Magruder, sweetly: "I never told you, did I?" he said, taking a huge quid out of his cheek and throwing it at the clock that was about to strike fourteen, causing it to suddenly change its mind and be silent: "I never told you," he repeated: "the story of this game-leg o' mine, and how I lost it in that — Ingee?"

I shook my head, sadly, as though my life had been an empty void for the want of information on just that particular point. And even Israel stopped in the midst of licking the taffy off a love-story that had been rejected, to listen and to pick a few qualifying adjectives out of his molars that had got lodged there, before going on.

"Well," said the Major, with an air of sudden conviction: "then it's just about time enough for you to hear about it, for it does just *bang* anything I ever see or hear tell of." And, kicking the office-dog in the ribs until I thought Gus was in a fair way to need an air-cushion when he wanted to sit down again, the Major, with a preliminary cough, began: "I had my leg shot off by a spent minie-ball—"

"Excuse me; but what did you say about a ball?" I said, pricking up my ears, for I thought the conversation was about to take an interesting turn.

The Major sniffed disdainfully, and went on. "I tried every kind of leg," he said: "after that—cork—wood—steel—everything—but didn't like any one of 'em; but finally I struck a — New England feller that had a mechanical one to sell. This here leg was warranted to run a week after it was wound up, and when you wanted to stop it, all ye had to do was to push a knob, an'—"

"You must excuse me, Major," I said: "but it's my lunch-time, and—"

"Set still—set still," he said, persuasively: "and in a few minutes I'll go and take some with you."

I "set still" again, gnashing my new set of celluloid teeth until I was afraid they would drop out. I was prepared now for the worst, and looked around for my cigar to get a little consolation out of that; but Israel had evidently taken it by way of dessert. So I turned again toward Magruder, with a ghastly smile on my face and murder in my heart.

"As I was saying," pursued the Major, calmly resuming the thread of his story as easily as if it had been a two-inch cable: "it was on the morning of our onslaught on the Puggaree Pass that I made the first experiment with that damned Yankee's — infernal make-believe leg, — him, anyway!" added the Major, with charming naiveté.

"Eh?" I said, looking up to see if the room had taken fire; but Magruder went right on:

"I wound up that leg on the morning of the battle, and marched away all right until we came in sight of the enemy. Then what do you suppose happened to me?"

"You turned around and fled?"

"No, sir," said the Major, picking his teeth with a gold pen of mine: "but that leg—that leg the bean-stuffed Bostonian sold me, blast his measly pelt!—when I tried to pull the knob to stop it—"

"Yes," I gaped.

"Well, it wouldn't work."

"No?"

"Ye-es—it went forgin' ahead, draggin' me along with it, an' 'fore I knew anything we was pickin' right through the enemy's camp, shootin' along for all we was worth."

"That's the time you put your foot in it," I remarked, becoming suddenly interested in a spider that was doing an acrobatic act on the gas-pipe.

The Major frowned, but did not deign further to notice my speech.

"Them black fellers, when they see me comin', yelled out for me to stop; but I said I couldn't think o' such a thing for a moment, and one feller that got in my way got knocked about as far as ef he'd tried to shoe a Government-mule from runnin' agin my leg. I tell you I just went a-tearin' over the ground—you'd ha' thought I had a note comin' due at the bank that day, and wanted to get there before office-hours was closed. I had one hard thing happen to me on that day."

"What was that?" I said, pausing to kick a peddler down-stairs, who wanted to sell me a book on intemperance.

"Well," said the Major, wiping a tear out of his eye with a handkerchief that looked as if it had been dug up as a relic: "a man asked

me to take a drink when I was tearin' along in that undignified fashion, and I had to refuse him."

"Stop, stop," I said, impressively: "Don't go any further until I make a note of that. It's the first time on record, and shall go into the paper next week under the heading of 'Remarkable Casualties.' Major," I added, sadly: "I should never have believed such a thing of you."

"Nuther would I, if anybody 'd told me," he said, frankly: "but a man that's bein' hiked along at the rate of forty miles an hour ain't to be convinced he ought to stop by nothin' less than a twenty-foot stone wall."

"Well, how long did you keep this up?"

"I don't know. I'd be humpin' a-long yet, if an accident hadn't happened. I ran into a rock; that busted the leg clean off."

"And what became of it?"

"Well, the last thing I see of it, it was chasin' across them prairies as if the devil was after it with a hop, skip and a jump, and followin' in its wake was a hull gang o' laughin' hyenas. I suppose they thought it was some new-fangled bird, and wanted to get posted as to its pedigree. Fur all I know that limb may be stumpin' around yet, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see it come and visit me some night about 2 G. M. and call me hard names for leavin' it. Anyway, I'm kind o' thankful to that leg, for every man Jack was killed in the battle that day, and if the leg hadn't eloped with me, I wouldn't be here to tell the story."

The Major's voice ceased, and a great silence fell over the assembled quartette. The office-goat, however, seemed to be in pain, and soon began to choke, under the table.

"What ails that damn goat?" said Major Magruder, fiercely.

I went over and looked at Israel, who was laboring in great pain.

"Major," I said, solemnly: "if Israel dies, his blood will be upon your head. He is choking over your statement. Major," I repeated: "have you ever read the motto over the door of my sanctum?" pointing at the same time impressively to a horrible yellow device inscribed in crewl with the words, "Thou Shalt Not Lie": "Just read that over once or twice—may do you good."

The Major said nothing for a moment, and then smashed his hat on his head.

"Say," he bawled: "let's go and take a drink!"

ERNEST DELANCEY PIERSON.

THERE is one engagement in high life that appears to be off. Mary Anderson, at great expense, sends word over to the Associated Press that she will not marry the Duke. The Duke, at equally vast expense, telegraphs that he will *not* marry Mary. Dr. Gilpin—isn't that his name?—telegraphs at the same outlay that Mary and the Duke will *not* marry each other. The Doctor pays for all these messages. The free "ad." goes booming around the papers. Mary remains Miss Anderson and the Duke continues to be the Duke with undiminished enthusiasm, and everybody is happy. What ho! without there! Another row of chairs for the centre aisle!—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"Don't talk to me about beginning at the bottom of the ladder," observed a "crushed" actress to a friend: "I began there ten years ago, and I'm there still. If it was to do over again, I'd begin at the top. It's much easier to fall down than to climb up."—*Alta California*.

## THE OLD WAY.



CHARLIE.—"How did you get married the second time?"  
ED.—"Same as the first—minister, ring, ten dollars!"

THE following is Artemus Ward's description of why he courted Betsy Jane: "There were many affectin' ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm j'ined ourn; their cows and ourn squelched their thirst at the same spring; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin'-house, and the neighbors used to observe: 'How thick the Wards and Peasley's air!' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up, so that they couldn't sile 'em, affectionately bilin' soap together and aboosin' their neighbors."

"If you desire to challenge any of the jury, you may now do so," was the remark of the judge to the accused, in a court-room down South. And in an instant those twelve flowers of Southern chivalry were upon their feet, exclaiming that a challenge under such circumstances would be an infringement of the code.—*Lovell Citizen*.

Is GENIUS hereditary?

No.

Why not?

Because so many sons of United States Senators find employment as clerks of the committees of which their fathers are chairmen.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Now that the word "obey" has been eliminated from the marriage service, perhaps the husband of the future can get his wife to do something.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

## IDYLLIC.

Only a man, with paddle long,  
Wielded with muscles hard and strong,  
In an open canoe, his flags displayed,  
Trying to handle a single blade.

Only a girl on the steamboat pier,  
Watching him as he floats near,  
Smiling a smile of sweet content  
Seeing him on his task intent.

Only a look, which on her he cast  
As the stroke of his paddle swept him past;  
But that stroke was too strong, and the water  
laves

The canoe, bottom up, on the dancing waves.

Only a man all dripping wet

Slowly leaving canoe upset;

Only a girl with merry eye,

Laughing at him as he goes by.

*White Cap, in Outing and the Wheelman.*

AND the babies! Little bundles of fleecy white cloaks, blue cloaks, warm crimson cloaks, indescribable bundles of shawls and wraps and hoods and swan's-down, shapeless and motionless, until the car starts, the door is shut to with a bang like a Mississippi shot-gun, and the unwrapping process begins, and baby crawls out of his chrysalis, a fluffy tuft of crinkled hair; a fat, dimpled fist; then a plump face, rosy with the kisses of Jack Frost; a pair of big, round, wondering eyes, and a dancing head that goes swinging around on that little crease that passes for a baby's neck, while the baby takes in the whole car and begins at once to make friends with the ugliest and bashfullest man he can see, and buries the poor fellow under mountains of confusion by calling him "Papa."—*Hawkeye*.

THE Atlanta Constitution wants to know if the girls have forgotten that it is leap-year. The Constitution editor is evidently getting anxious. Still there is not much doubt but he will come out all right. There are eleven months

and some days yet in 1884, and all the girls who propose will not be accepted on the first offer.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE fate of Henry Villard is proving a warning to other reporters, and all over the land reporters are taking a solemn obligation to remain in the profession they have chosen, and not become railroad magnates, dabbling in millions of dollars' worth of stock. Members of the Chicago Press Club are almost unanimous in the feeling that it injures a reporter to leave the business that nature has fitted him for and become a temporary millionaire, and fly high, and then have to come down to hard pan. It is doubtful if a single Chicago reporter could be hired to accept the position of president of a railroad.—*Pick's Sun*.

THE reason why a woman always adds a postscript to her letter is because she's bound to have the last word, if she has to write it herself.—*Boston Transcript*.

AN Indiana jail-bird recently scraped off the back of a mirror and swallowed it. It was a cold day for him when the mercury went down.—*Burlington Free Press*.

—One can't disassociate the highest taste and comfort from a gentleman in slippers and gown, on piazza-chair or sitting-room lounge, with a pipe filled with Blackwell's Durham Long Cut in his mouth. In appreciation of this Oriental pose and *dolce far niente* air, his tobacco is served in an artistic package of embossed and pictured foil, at once a delight to the eye and a study for the mind.

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ONE of those grand opportunities for getting off the joke about editing a newspaper with the scissors, which only presents itself to the editors' friends forty or fifty times in a life-time, is now at hand. Timothy Crimean has just died in a Philadelphia hospital of wounds inflicted on himself with a pair of scissors. It will be suggested that he mistook himself for an "esteemed contemporary," or that it was remorse at having clipped without giving credit. Exchange editors of scissitive natures should be prepared for almost anything of this sort.—*Delroit Free Press*.

THEY were returning home from the theatre, and had nearly reached her home, when the young man observed:

"Isn't the weather cold and raw?"

She must have misunderstood him.

"Raw," she said, hesitatingly: "Yes, I like them raw; but," she continued, looking sweetly in his eyes: "don't you think they are nicer fried?"

What could he do?—*Chicago Saturday Herald*.

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FIRST ARTIST—"No, I am not a success. I admit it. You see I have had no chance."

Second Artist—"Why so? You studied for ten years in Europe, and have had a good income outside of your profession. It seems to me you have had every chance."

First Artist—"But, you see, my constitution is not very strong. I am always under treatment for some ailment or other."

Second Artist—"Ah! I know where the trouble is. The doctors have not correctly diagnosed your case."

First Artist—"Do you really think so? Thank you, my dear friend, thank you. What do you believe my trouble is?"

Second Artist—"Color-blindness."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A GREAT DAY FOR GODALMING.—On the 5th Jan., at St. John's Church, Notting-hill, by the Hon. and Rev. Canon Brodrick, Vicar of Godalming, assisted by the Rev. Henry Bedford, LL. D., D. C. I., uncle of the bride, Algernon Methuen Marshall Stedman, M. A. Oxon, of High Croft, near Godalming, only son of John B. Stedman, F. R. C. S., of Brook House, Godalming, to Emily Caroline, eldest daughter of Edwin Bedford, of 17 Ladbroke-terrace, W.—*London Times.*

HON. CHARLES ANDERSON DANA:

Dear Sir—Please note that the Democratic National Convention of 1876 declared for a tariff only for revenue, and stamped the war tariff as "a masterpiece of injustice, inequality and false pretense." In that year the Democrats won, but the fruits of victory were stolen from them.—*Boston Post.*

A NEW YORK judge and jury were after a red-bearded murderer and selected a man with no beard at all, believing that he was the murderer they wanted and that in time his red beard would grow again. Having been nine years in prison and able to raise only black beards, Gov. Cleveland has pardoned him.—*Boston Post.*

MARRIED men cannot be too careful. A Philadelphia woman is going to apply for a divorce because she found a hair-pin in his pocket, and yet he is willing to swear that he only used it instead of a shingle-nail to temporarily replace a suspender-button.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

EVERY married man ought to get his life insured. In case of death, fighting the insurance company for the money would occupy his widow's mind and keep her from brooding over her sorrow.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.*

INDIA-INK was invented 2967 B. C., according to Chinese authority; but it is only since the institution of the circus side-show and the dime-museum that there has been any demand for tattooed men.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEOPHRASTUS, we believe, called beauty a "silent cheat." It is suspected that Theo. fed his beauty ice-cream and caramels all summer, and as soon as the first snow came she went sleighing with another fellow.—*Norr. Herald.*

A POET sends us a contribution entitled, "Why Do I Live?" After a careful reading of the twelve stanzas of the conundrum we are reluctantly compelled to give it up.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THERE promises to be lots of white elephants with the circuses this year, but most of them won't be as white as they are painted.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

REGISTERS in the horse-cars do not warm the vehicle, but they make it hot for the dishonest conductor.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

AN Iowa mother has miraculously cured her youngest hopeful of smoking by the laying on of hands.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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